

thought it of sufficient interest for the readers of THE NAUTILUS. The two illustrations here given, natural size, will show the appearance of the specimen better than any words I may offer.

The right valve is much smaller, quite flat, in one part a little concave, and about half covered with a yellowish epidermis. The left valve is extremely convex and thicker than the right, its umbone projecting over the latter, and with slight radiations on the anterior part.

One can easily contemplate the volition of some enthusiastic paleontologist who found such a shell in a fossil state, and it suggests a lesson to the hasty so-called species maker.

CONCHOLOGISTS IN THE MAKING

BY EDWIN E. HAND

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As aftermath of the World War, it seems that very little can be accomplished without "a drive." There's a drive for this and a drive for that, a lot of advertising is done, a day set apart and the trick is turned.

Since no one has started a drive for future conchologists we are pegging away in the good old-fashioned way. If results are inadequate, why not have a DRIVE?

Given 150 young boys and girls about 14, to be taught general science, how do we get them interested in the lowly snails and their shells.

A tea strainer securely tied to a stick six feet long accompanies us to Jackson Park, just south of the beautiful art building of World's Fair fame. On the bottom of the clear water lagoon, within easy reach, lie thousands of *Goniobasis* and *Pleurocera*. On the bank, with eager, expectant faces, stand 40 of these boys and girls seeing a snail for the first time in their lives.

A few sweeps of the tea strainer and enough snails are gathered to place in their outstretched hands all the specimens they wish to take home and place in their "glass of water" aquar-

iums. These are watched a few days and proudly introduced to little brother or sister or friends. Afterwards the poor snails are killed by dropping into boiling water, then in a few seconds removed from their shells, the shells cleaned and mounted in the cigar-box apartments. The names and required data are written in corresponding spaces on inside of cover; other kinds, *Planorbis*, land shells, etc., are added; trades are made, gifts from friends begin to come in; a few sea shells are bought, and soon the boxes are on exhibition.

A new game has been tackled, and by following directions a touchdown is scored. The collections are judged by votes of their makers, and prizes are awarded. The first prize this time was a *Xenophora*—the original shell collector—whose story would have been unbelievable without the experience of the senses of sight and touch.

Then comes the question of correlation of this work with their other studies. What can be more noticeable than the "*Nautilus*" in its three-fold complex; the shell, natural and sectioned; the poem, so technically exact and so marvellously musical, from which always some bright boy or girl can quote, and the magazine (ours, not "new thought") absolutely new to all?

Yes, and books: Baker's "Mollusca of the Chicago Area"; Ward's "Catalog of Mollusca"; Rogers' "Shell Book," to be ordered for one of their Christmas presents, and other books too numerous to enumerate.

We correlate with history. The money cowry and its story is in the boxes. *Pecten hastatus* "dredged from 50 fathoms off San Pedro," gift of the Oldroyds, with its "bristling spears" and coupled with its cousin *jacobaeus*, carries us back to the times of the crusaders.

The bleeding tooth, olives galore, *Cypraea annubus*, with its ring of gold, from the Business Manager of THE NAUTILUS, and a perfect shower of shells from Becker, A. J. Brown, Chace, Farrer, Ferriss, Remington and others to come when they read this—connect us with the greatest of all sciences—*generosity* or is it LOVE? Many of these children are surprised when I tell them that these shells are sent (if I am wrong, please correct

me), because the donors want others to feel the joys they have felt, not only in receiving but in giving.

Finally, *Purpura* connects us with royalty and the Shell on the Stamp of Travancore, to Philately.

Polygyra texasiana texasensis, obtained by the author at Sanderson, Texas, this summer, reposes in the boxes as a constant reminder of Dr. Pilsbry's tussle with the naming problem.

Thus it goes on year by year.

Friend Higgins reminds us that "naturalists are born, not made." Friend Johnson tells of Remington and Clench who were drawn into the field of conchology by visiting the Boston Society of Natural History. Our Mr. Conrad sent forth Dr. Zetek, from his school and mayhap there be many others.

I may not have a single famous collector to my credit, but I claim the honor of having given thousands of Chicago boys and girls a new outlook on life; a love of nature's beauties from stars to snails; a knowledge of great names in many realms, and of books for their own libraries. But I suppose if we want real rabid conchologists or anything else, we shall have to get up a *drive*.

Hear, ye high schools, let's have a drive!

NEWFOUNDLAND SHELLS

BY E. G. VANATTA

Mr. Bayard Long collected the following species of Mollusca while on a botanical expedition in Newfoundland. He noticed *Arion ater* (L.) at many places near Bay Bulls. This is the only American locality for the species, except one specimen found in a garden at Detroit, Michigan, as reported by Dr. Bryant Walker. The Arions were identified from dried specimens by the jaws and radulæ and Mr. Long's notes. The single *Gonyodiscus cronkhitei* is not quite so angular as typical var. *anthonyi* Pils. *Lymnæa peregra geisericola* Beck, described from Iceland, is also an addition to the American fauna. It has been compared carefully with Iceland specimens.